The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elder braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why waple we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the sapnt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete
We deeme of Death as doome of ill
But knewe we fooles, what it vs br
Dye would we dayly, once it to expe
No daunger there the shepheard can
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt laye
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse a
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shal
There liues shee with the blessed G
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Am*
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall mer
The honor now of highest gods she
That whilome was poore shephe
While here on earth she did aby
O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now b
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne
Whether reioyce or weepe for grea
Thyne be the cossette, well hast tho
Ay *Colin* by, ynough thou morned b
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we hon

Colins Emblem

La mort ny m

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